Did let me walke withouten lincks of loue,
In such delights did ioy amongst my peeres:
But ryper age such pleasures doth reproue,
My fancye eke from former follies moue
To staied steps. for time in passing weares
(As garments doen, which wexen old aboue)
And draweth newe delightes with hoary heares.

Tho couth I sing of loue, and tune my pype
Unto my plaintiue pleas in verses made:
Tho would I seeke for Queene apples vnrype,
To giue my *Rosalind*, and in Sommer shade
Dight gaudy Girlonds, was my comen trade,
To crowne her golden locks, but yeeres more rype,
And losse of her, whose loue as lyfe I wayd,
Those weary wanton toyes away dyd wype.

HOBBINOLL.

Colin, to heare thy rymes and roundelayes,
Which thou were wont on waskfull hylls to singe,
I more delight, then larke in Sommer dayes:
Whose Echo made the neyghbour groues to ring,
And taught the byrds, which in the lower spring
Did shroude in shady leaues from sonny rayes,
Frame to thy songe their chereful cheriping,
Or hold theyr peace, for shame of thy swete layes.

I sawe *Calliope* wyth Muses moe,
Soone as thy oaten pype began to sound,
Theyr yuory Lutes and Tamburins forgoe:
And from the fountaine, where they sat around,
Renne after hastely thy siluer sound.
But when they came, where thou thy skill didst showe,
They dyde abacke, as halfe with shame confound,
Shepheard to see, them in theyr art outgoe.

COLLIN.

Of Muses *Hobbinol*, I conne no skill:
For they bene daughters of the hyghest *Ioue*,
And holden scorne of homely shepheards quill.

For

For sith I heard, that *Pan* with *Ph*
Which him to much rebuke and D
I neuer lyst presume to *Parnasse* t
But pyping lowe in shade of lowly
I play to please my selfe, all be it il

Nought weigh I, who my song do
Me strine to winne renowme, or pa
With shepheard sittes not, followe
But feede his flocke in fields, whe
I wote my rymes bene rough, and
The fyner they, my carefull case
Enough is me to paint out my vn
And poore my piteous plaints ou

The God of shepheards *Tityrus* i
Who taught me homely, as I ca
He, whilst he liued, was the souera
Of shepheards all, that bene with
Well couth he waple hys Woes,
The flames, which loue within hi
And tell vs mery tales, to keepe v
The while our sheepe about vs sa

Nowe dead he is, and lyeth wrapt
(O why should death on hym suc
And all hys passing skil with hi
The fame whereof doth dayly gr
But if on me some little drops w
Of that the spring was in his lea
I soone would learne these woods
And teache the trees, their trickl

Then should my plaints, causd o
As messengers of all my painfull
Flye to my loue, where euer that
And pierce her heart with poyn
As shee deserues, that wrought s